

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 29, 1936

NEXT WEEK

JOHN LAFARGE recently addressed an unusual gathering, that of the National Conference of Clergy and laymen, meeting at Asheville, N. C. He absorbed many impressions and had some experiences and formed certain conclusions on the problems involved in combating Communism. He discusses, then, A CHRISTIAN COMMON FRONT.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D., pastor of the famed Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., recently spent some months in Europe for the purpose of studying modern ecclesiastical architecture. He found many instances of the abandonment of the Faith, in France, Germany, Austria. But he was amazed by other instances, especially in Paris, and concludes that, truly, EUROPE RETURNS TO THE FAITH.

THEATRICAL PROSPECTS are interesting baubles to juggle at this time of the year. Producers are making elaborate promises, but they actually give but a small proportion of their promises, and their promises do not always prove elaborate in fact. Some early announcements are discussed by ELIZABETH JORDAN.

A YOUTHFUL MYSTIC, by name Charles Hamilton Sorley, died in the World War. He was an obscure singer, and his work has but lately been discovered. He is ranked with, and even above, Rupert Brooke by a Welsh critic, the same gentleman who appeared in our poetry page recently under the cidery pseudonym of Petronious Applesjoy. The real name of critic and poet is D. R. LOCK.

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COMMENT

MANY people have been more than slightly bewildered by the reporting of the Spanish war. Monday's papers proclaim a Communist capture of Toledo. On Thursday, strangely enough, the Government is hourly awaiting the surrender of the same city. On Tuesday the Government forces are continuing a victory march over southern Spain, capturing town after town on the way; and a few days later it is definitely established that the Insurgents not only continue to hold all their positions in southern Spain, but are extending the range of their conquests northward toward Madrid. The explanation is that newspapers must publish news, and much of the news about Spain comes through the sieve of a rigid censorship. Karl H. Von Wiegand, dean of American war correspondents, succeeded in getting a description of that censorship out of Spain by airplane. On the fourth and fifth floor of Madrid's telephone building reporters gather to collect and sift the news "from embassies, legations, newspaper-offices, private tipsters, militia men and even from observers at the war front." Once the reporter's story has been compiled from these sources, it must be gone over word by word with a Government censor. Red pencil in hand, he reads that a gallant band of cadets and officers is still holding out against the Government siege in Toledo. The pencil moves, the censor announces, "We hold Toledo." There is a line or two about burned churches. Without a word, he runs the pencil through the lines, and then he follows the scarred copy line for line as the reporter reads it over the lone telephone that has been placed at the disposal of all the correspondents. And Americans with the greatest gullibility read the latest news from the front!

WHILE we have very representative national congresses during the summer months, we are, aside from the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, isolated from international meetings of Catholics. It is on that account somewhat difficult to conceive the importance and significance of the *Semaine Sociale*, Social-Study Week, held this year at Versailles. You have to imagine 1,500 ardent Catholic students, professors, priests, eleven Bishops, three Cardinals, representing nearly the whole Catholic world, though mainly French, gathered together to listen to the flower of Catholic scholarship in international, political and social questions, as well as to discuss among themselves the problems raised. The subject discussed was *The Conflict of Civilizations*. Some of the speakers as Father Charles, authority on Buddhism, and Father Bon-sirven, the author of a classic work on Judaism, were of world-wide fame. Professor Massignon with a keen study on Islamism completed a triad of no-

table lectures. The conferences were inaugurated by a striking pronouncement on behalf of the Holy See from Cardinal Pacelli. He used these remarkable words speaking on the Church's relation to civilization and culture: "The Church does not wish to level down people, to unify them or make them uniform which would be against nature. History has shown to what extent the Church has shown herself to respect distinctive characteristics, particular and legitimate traits. Hence faithful to her mandate to save souls, she has always pronounced herself against a religious particularism which would pretend that revelation and salvation are the appanage of one civilization rather than another."

THOUSANDS of mature Americans, a decade ago, driven on by prejudice dressed themselves up in the garb of the ridiculous Ku Klux Klan. From the "Imperial Palace" in Atlanta, Ga., where the national offices of the organization were housed came forth the anti-Catholic propaganda in which the hooded order specialized. By an ironical twist of fortune that very "palace" has been purchased by the Most Reverend Gerald P. O'Hara, Bishop of Savannah, for the new parish of Christ the King. On August 15 the first services in the newly established parish were held on the property. The two-story brick building will be razed and in its place a church will be erected. On the spot where once the wildest scenes were hatched and launched against the Church, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will now be offered. Once again we hear "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and truly, they are reassuring words. This is but the latest example of a practice that has always marked the Church's history. Throughout her whole existence she has displayed a remarkable power of adaptability, a distinguishing mark of a living organism. One of the most striking manifestations of this vital faculty is the ease, as in the present case, with which she takes over synagogues, mosques, temples and churches when their own worshipers have deserted them and consecrates them anew to her own Divine uses.

PRIESTS are the anointed of God. Priests are the ministers of Christ, dispensers of the Sacraments, preachers of the Word, evangelizers, guardians, strengtheners, consolers, fathers. In them, dedicated to the work of salvation, the Church is perpetuated; through them it is propagated; by them it is kept fresh and pure and vigorous. Where a priest is, there is the nucleus of a church. Where there is a good and an active priest, there is a flourishing congregation, small though it be in numbers and oppressed though it may be by enemies. Where

there are no priests, or where there are unworthy priests, the Faith and the practice of the lay folk are endangered and, if conditions are continued, are lost. Priests have a single duty of a twofold nature; to save their own souls and the souls of those they know. When a nation rejects its priests, that nation turns godless. Mexico is our instance. Priests have been killed, have been imprisoned, have been exiled. The priests have been taken away from their people, and the people have turned away from their God. An anti-religious Government has placed unbearable restrictions on the number of priests permitted by the so-called laws to exercise their sacred ministries, and on the number of churches in which they may publicly officiate. The number of priests demanded for the preservation of the Faith in Mexico has dwindled during these years of oppression. The Mexican priest cannot, under present circumstances, be reared and educated on Mexican soil. He cannot be cared for during his seminary days wholly by Mexican funds. But we can help, we Americans, who have love for our Mexican brothers in these days of their martyrdom, and have love for the universal Church of Christ. A very restrained appeal is made by Bishop Kelley in the *Correspondence* of AMERICA for this week. We would ask, our readers to heed and help.

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THERE is one topic that we rarely discuss in these columns, despite the fact that it is of deep interest to Catholics and never fails to arouse the respectful curiosity of non-Catholics. If ever we attempted to tell our readers about the various Religious Orders for women now laboring so valorously throughout the United States, we should soon get beyond our depth in details of history, asceticism, canon law, and even millinery, which would require volumes for adequate treatment. And so we intend to continue shying away from this subject. Nevertheless at this time of the year when so many of our young men and women are leaving home to join Religious Orders it might be interesting to remind our readers that we have in this country at least one convent of the Eastern Rite. Several miles outside of Philadelphia, in Fox Chase, Pa., is St. Basil's Motherhouse. This order for women traces its history as far back as the fourth century. Here about thirty young women (they are Ukrainian in nationality, although all the novices are American-born girls) follow a rule of life which in its routine of meditation, reading, work, devotions, and study, is exactly like any other novitiate in the United States. But the daily Mass here is the Mass of St. Chrysostom, and it is celebrated in the old Slavonic language. The nuns receive daily Communion under two species. Their rule obliges them to the daily recitation—also in the Slavonic tongue—of the entire Divine Office of the Eastern Rite. The textbook and manual for the training of the novices is, of course, the *Spiritual Perfection* by Father Rodriguez. But one is startled to find that the old Spanish Jesuit's classic is translated into Ukrainian. As far as we know, these Basilian nuns have the distinction of

being the only Eastern Rite order for women in the country.

IMMEDIATE protest, it seems to us, should be made on the decision rendered by Justine Wise Tulin, Justice of New York's Domestic Relations Court, a daughter of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. A Catholic mother and a Mohammedan father stood before Justice Tulin in a conflict over the religion of their children. As reported in the *New York Times*, Justice Tulin handed the oldest, a boy of fifteen over to the Mohammedans. The other three she placed in a Protestant home. The mother may take her little thirteen-year-old daughter to the Catholic Church, but her two youngest, a boy of nine and a girl of five, she cannot take; the father gets them for the Mohammedan faith. Justice Tulin said that the growth of "a more enlightened view" had ceased to identify "all truth with any one kind of sect." In expressing this opinion she was uttering a religious dogma. If a Catholic judge were to enunciate the opposite religious dogma: "One Church alone possesses the truth," and decide a case on that premise, what a storm of protest would fill the air! Justice Tulin provides us with a strange spectacle; the spectacle of a non-Catholic deciding the future religion of a Catholic mother's children; a non-Catholic handing three out of four to the Mohammedans, and basing it all on her own private religious belief that one church is as good as another. Hasn't the Catholic mother any rights over the religion of her own children? Does she have to stand helplessly by while Justice Tulin generously gives her little nine-year-old boy and her five-year-old girl to the followers of the great Bearded Prophet?

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FOR the first time in two years, the National Catholic Interracial Federation holds a national convention. It will meet at Cincinnati, September 5-7, under the auspices of the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., S.T.M., Archbishop of Cincinnati. He has repeatedly shown in word and in deed his keen interest in the work of the Catholic Church for the colored people, and as Spiritual Director has encouraged the Federation in its effort to obtain the cooperation of clergy and laity throughout the United States for this important work. The Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems will devote a day as in former years to the discussion of the Negro in Industry. The thorny problems surrounding Negro labor will be treated by competent authorities, while on succeeding days a dramatic picture, in word and in spectacle, will be afforded of the spiritual progress of the colored race under the influence of the Catholic Faith. Priests, Religious, and laymen from every part of the country are cordially invited to attend; headquarters of the convention are established at 621 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati. The Catholic Interracial Hour, conducted over the Paulist Station WLWL (New York) on Thursdays in August and September conveys much information on the spiritual welfare of the colored people. It is the part of a true Catholic to be informed on this vital matter.

HOLLYWOOD VERSUS WITTENBERG

Can Protestants form a Legion of Decency

GERARD DONNELLY, S.J.

THAT estimable journal of religion, pure, undefiled, and undenominational, the *Christian Century*, may lawfully boast of often having trumpeted its Protestant readers to glorious crusades. Fortunately, its previous wars were crowned with victory. But there is reason to believe that its threatened crusade against Hollywood will not cause the Saladins of the West to tremble very violently.

Last month the weekly ran a piece on *Decency and Censorship* and expressed the opinion that Protestants should no longer delegate their duty of guarding public morals to the Catholics. As a means of sharing this burden it proposed the formation of a non-Catholic league for film morals.

The weekly was at some pains to explain. For one thing, it said, the Catholic concept of morality is not identical with the Protestant; "the ethical teaching of most Protestant churches with reference to temperance, gambling, certain forms of sport, and certain types of political activity prevalent in large cities is relatively strict." Such differences of opinion about right and wrong can harm the public weal, it intimated, particularly when Catholics—to the exclusion of Protestants—set themselves up as sole arbiters of the nation's screen.

Suppose, for instance, that you are a Protestant and you hold, along with many of your co-religionists, that prize fighting is immoral and that pugilistic pictures should be forbidden to the innocent young. Along comes the Majestic studio with a new feature story, *Ring Champ*. You can be rather sure on the day of its first showing that the Legion of Decency will refuse to blacklist the film. The Legion's censors are not likely to think of your purely Protestant scruples. Catholics, all of them, they will test the picture solely by the Catholic code of morals—which presumably finds nothing gravely sinful in the blood and battle of the arena. In all probability they will even recommend the film, and thus it will go forth, stamped with the purity seal and marked as unobjectionable, to do its devilish work of corrupting millions. Moreover, the industry, finding that its product was not eyed askance by Catholics, will presently unleash a whole cycle of fisticuff features, and because you and your fellow Protestants lack a Decency Legion of your own, you can do nothing.

Your feeling of helplessness will be made more bitter by another fact. You know well that if the studios proposed to do a story justifying divorce or mercy killing or sterilization—things which the Pope of Rome calls immoral but which your own private judgment, or perhaps your spiritual adviser, considers entirely licit, the Legion would set up such a terrific clamor that all talk of such entertainment would cease *instantly*. In brief, a Catholic censorship is sure to function in the interest of the Catholic view of life and this can be balanced only by a fresh agency of control—one in which Protestants can organize, embody their own moral code, pass film criticism, and so exert their own influence upon the screen fare of the nation.

But surely the *Christian Century* must see that certain difficulties stand in the way of its proposal, certain difficulties that are theological, and spring from Protestantism's basic doctrine of every man's right to private judgment. It might easily happen, for instance, that a considerable group in each church would reject the idea that prize fighting is immoral. How then, could the League's board of censors, faced with the problem of directing all the members of all the faiths, presume to speak authoritatively? How could it say: "*Ring Champ* glorifies pugilism. It is a vicious film because some of us believe pugilism immoral"? Or else: "We highly recommend it, though millions of our members will believe it damnably evil."

Threats of united religious opinion have little force as long as the threateners are free, each man to form his own code of morals. Hollywood cannot be frightened into evangelical piety by a crusade out of Wittenberg or Geneva. Indeed, it is to be feared that non-Catholics will have no efficient Legion until they have an infallible church.

Catholic Legionaires follow lists. These lists are drawn up by a board. This board applies a yardstick when it judges pictures. The yardstick is the code of morals taught by the Catholic Church.

But Protestant churches teach no unified code of morals. Hence a Protestant film board can apply no common yardstick, nor can it logically issue lists acceptable to all. And even if it issues them, individual Protestants are free in conscience to disobey them. The result is a Disunited Front.

BE GOOD SWEET MAID LET WHO WILL BE CLEVER

Some questionings about old fashioned wisdom

HELEN WALKER HOMAN

RECENTLY Mr. Kenneth Roberts, through the medium of the *Saturday Evening Post*, uttered his credo in the horse-and-buggy-era and particularly in the old copy-book maxims which guided it. He maintained that our present woes flow from a fine disregard of such precepts as: "Diligence is the mother of good fortune"; "A penny saved is a penny earned"; and "You cannot eat your cake and have it too."

One might pause to inquire whether diligence has been the mother of anything save disappointment during these last lean years. And how can we save our pennies, Mr. Roberts, when you know perfectly well they have all got to go in the sales-tax? As for "you cannot eat your cake and have it too," I have always quarreled intellectually with that one. It seems to me that the only sure and complete way of having your cake is by eating it before anyone else can.

But quibbling aside, of course he is right in his general assumption that it was adherence to such maxims which built up a sturdy America. But what about those good old precepts, dear to the horse-and-buggy-era, which did not refer to industry or thrift but rather to behavior? Do they make sense today? Or did they, indeed, ever make sense?

Consider that particularly irritating and saccharine admonition: "Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever." That, I maintain, is sheer silliness. For goodness, real goodness, would seem to be of the very essence of cleverness.

Whether or no Charles Kingsley in "committing" this line, used the word "clever" in the sense of "wise," or meant it to convey that unattractive shrewdness which a friend of mine classically terms a "smarty-pants" attitude, is beside the point. The fact is that the mid-Victorians, precursors of the horse-and-buggies, adopted the slogan as a splendid warning to their girl-children not to be too intellectual, and crammed it incessantly down their throats. How many little hoop-skirted girls were patted on the head and cautioned ponderously to "be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever"! And how the most intelligent of them must have squirmed inwardly if not outwardly!

Then there was that other pre-century adage: "Innocence is one's best protection." That may

have been true in an age when innocence was respected; but in modern society generally, too deep an innocence can conceivably be a criminally dangerous defect. It is like that other motto: "What you don't know won't hurt you." Too frequently we see not only infants but adults hurt terribly, perhaps their lives ruined, by what they have not known. "Ignorance is bliss," I suppose, is commonly accepted to mean that it is much pleasanter not to know unpleasant facts. But since the unpleasant facts have usually got to be known some time, and since their eventual revelation is generally far more costly and painful than an early cognizance would have been, how could ignorance of them ever be called bliss?

But let us revert to the sweet maid who is told to be good and not clever. All of us have known those who might be termed "technically" good, but whose stupidities, often committed in the very act of demonstrating their "technical" goodness, have caused endless heartache and tragedy.

I have always thought that to the seven deadly sins should be added an eighth: blind, stubborn, wilful stupidity. For I am of the belief that a great deal of stupidity flows from rank, complacent egotism. The sinner is so convinced that he or she knows so much better than anyone else that the thought never occurs to seek advice, the urge never comes to sharpen one's wits through observation or study.

I wonder if even in the horse-and-buggy era, a girl could grow up to be a really good woman and remain stupid? Certainly today, on the part of our young Catholic girls leaving their convents and entering society or business, it requires a maximum amount of cleverness to be good.

The Church has always held firmly to the educational theory that morals and intelligence must be developed in the child concurrently, a simultaneous growth. That is sane. It will never conform to the modern trend in education which seems to be based upon the maxim: "Be clever first, sweet maid; and then be good—if you can."

But when it sent its American convent-graduates out into the world a few decades ago, it sent them into a society where goodness was as much respected by Protestants as by Catholics. Therefore

it did not matter so much that the society they entered was largely Protestant. That society frequently sent its own daughters to convent schools, and generally regarded their graduates as possessed of a certain enviable and particular exquisiteness much to be cherished.

It may be that as an observer I am a pessimist, but I very much doubt that the society of today either cherishes or even respects exquisiteness in women. Laxity in morals has become rather fashionable; a certain disregard of convention is considered smart. Yet the Church has not varied one iota in its teaching of moral standards. The present convent debutante is not entering merely a Protestant society. She is entering a pagan one. And she fares forth into a world where she must either run the risk of a severe letting-alone by her contemporaries because of her training and determination to be "different," or else unhappily succumb to modern standards.

Scarcely one of her young friends, unless they be also Catholic-trained, will have the faintest conception of the approach to life she wishes to maintain. They will think she is simply "funny." And she will go to her dinner-parties and perhaps find herself sitting next an older man—an eminent lawyer with a fine New England face and with the blood of church-going, God-fearing ancestors in his veins, who, at some reference to religion will blandly announce that he has never believed in Christ, because he early analyzed Christianity as a "defeatist philosophy"—and defeatism has no part in the modern world. Where once an attempt was made to make her feel faintly apologetic for being a Catholic, the tendency now will be to make her blushing apologetic for even being a Christian.

Certainly, on the intellectual score, our convents are meeting this issue extremely well, with many of their teacher-nuns brilliant scholars, possessors of eminent degrees. But how are these nuns meeting it on the moral score? Have their methods changed materially since my own, alas now remote convent days?

My contemporaries and I, entered a still Christian, if largely Protestant, society. Perhaps it did not matter that frequently we found some of the worldly advice of those dear nuns matter for merriment. Their principles were solid, but the verbiage in which they were clothed would often send the rows of demure, black-uniformed school-girls into devastating inner convulsions. I can recall the bursting agony it was to keep the lips firm, a polite innocent expression in the eyes. If one weakened and so much as glanced at one's seat-mate, all was lost. Yet we would rather have missed an invitation to the theater than miss that Sunday night "Correction Class," such vast entertainment did it provide. So delightful were the admonitions which struck upon our irreverent ears, that I can still quote them, I believe, word for word.

"Young ladies," would say that much-loved but equally feared preceptress, of whose fine intellect we actually had a wholesome respect, "when you go out into the world, you will meet men. But you must particularly beware of the man who has a

BIG BLACK MOUSTACHE!" (Caps mine; inflection, hers.)

(Inner, volcanic eruptions. For the heyday of the moustache had passed a generation before. We had never seen anything but clean-shaven males.)

"He will," she would continue, fixing us with a fiercely dramatic eye, "invite you to go BUGGY-RIDING!"

(Agonizing, interior splitting-asunder. Here was a literal horse-and-buggy point of view. Yet that institution we only knew from hearsay, the motor-car having displaced it in our infancy.)

"Then," she would go on, "when he has you alone on some country lane, that man with the big, black moustache will try to KISS YOU!"

"Not if I know it," whispered my seat-mate between immobile lips. "I'd tell him to get a shave first." That, I remember, destroyed my last remaining rampart of self-control. I emitted a joyous peal, and was forthwith evicted from the study-hall in disgrace. As I departed, still painfully choking back the eruption, the voice of the preceptress continued:

"When that terrible moment arrives, young ladies, there is only one thing for you to do. You must draw away with dignity, and address him sternly: 'Young man, DESIST!'"

Thank Heaven, at this moment I was sliding through the door, could close it, and collapse, joyously writhing, upon the floor. To this day, I don't know whether that dear nun was only having a little fun at our expense or not. Yet woe betide the one who laughed.

I wonder if our present-day nuns fully understand. Do they know that in teaching the sweet maid to adhere to strict Catholic principles, they are asking her to be generally regarded as a medieval eccentricity? Do they know that they are actually minimizing her chances for marriage, unless that "nice, Catholic boy," dreamed of by her parents, should, by a miracle, actually turn up? For gone is the day in American society when a girl's knowledge of how to kiss and drink is any bar to her receiving proposals of marriage.

And even that "nice, Catholic boy" who just may happen to appear, may be too frequently himself a victim of the impregnation of modern standards, due to an abhorrence he shares with her, an abhorrence native to all sensitive young people, of being considered queer. It is useful to talk about the necessity of avoiding mixed society and mixed marriages, of the importance of "throwing our nice Catholic young people together." With society as it is, that seems an almost impossible feat.

Today our young people are being thrown into an America with views on morality more drastically opposed to Catholic ideas than ever before. What are they going to do about it?

Indeed, sweet maid, now if never before, you must be very, very clever to remain good. And not clever merely with your college education, your Ph.D degree. There is something more and beyond required of you. Excessive stability, heroic independence, and almost supernatural tact. The wisdom of a serpent, the gentleness of a dove.

TO HAVE LIFE MORE ABUNDANTLY

Deeper beauties discovered in Catholicism

RICHARD L. ROONEY, S.J.

AN experience similar to that of the gentleman-discoverer described by the late G. K. Chesterton awaits the Catholic who realizes for the first time to the full the Church's teaching about the supernatural life. This gentleman was busy measuring on a map the road stretching between two English towns. It was not however until he had leaned back in his chair to rest for a moment that he saw to his amazement that England was an island. His ideas were revolutionized. So with the Catholic.

Up to a point his explorations have carried him but a little way. Shortsightedly he has travelled the road of hard duty. His fingerposts and route bands have been *don'ts* rather than *do's*. They have pointed out the hairpin turns and death curves on the road. His life has consisted largely of the effort to avoid these danger spots, not to commit serious sin, not to eat meat on Friday, not to miss Mass on Sundays and holydays. He has been occupied with negations. Then one day by the grace of God he sits back, lifts his eyes and discovers Catholicism. What he once thought familiar is now seen for the first time. Wide vistas of a fuller existence open before him.

The first thing that strikes a person whose eyes have been opened to the deeper beauties of the Faith is the fact that over and above the natural life that is in him, the life of the senses and the intellect and will there is another life almost infinitely surpassing it in dignity and beauty. It is almost unbelievable for him at first that Our Lord meant it of His own life when He said: "I am come that they may have life and have it more abundantly." Yet he can no longer doubt it when that same idea is taken up again and repeated by Him during the sublime last discourse to His apostles on the night before He died. There He told them that He was the vine and they the branches. "As the branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine"—for the branch lives by the lifestream flowing into it from the vine—"so neither can you unless you abide in me." It staggers him to realize that the words of Holy scripture, "born again," "regeneration," a "new man" are to be taken literally; that God "even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together in Christ (by whose grace you are saved)" unto a life as bright as the eternal dawn.

All of these expressions point to a tremendous change wrought in his soul by the infusion of Sanctifying Grace, that supernatural quality given to the justified man by God by which he is swept up to an entirely new and loftier plane of existence, an existence which is above all his natural powers and aptitudes and exigencies. If an amoeba were to be given the ability to speak and act like a man, the elevation would not be so wonderful as that wrought by God's Grace. He stands breathless before the realization that he is a man and something more—a participator and sharer in the very life of God Himself. At last he realizes that to be holy, to be a true Catholic consists, as Abbot Marmion said, in this: "to receive the Divine life from Christ and by Christ, Who possesses its fullness and Who has been constituted the one Mediator; to keep this divine life and increase it unceasingly by an ever more perfect adhesion, an ever closer union with Him who is its source."

So many things that were vague and unintelligible in Catholic teaching and practice now become clear to the Catholic discoverer. So much in life takes on new meanings.

It was easy for him to realize that by Adam's sin he had lost something. The daily rebellion of flesh against spirit told him that the Fall had jarred into discord the harmony which had existed between his higher and lower natures. The deaths of relatives and friends pointed to the fact that for immunity from bodily death had been substituted the inexorable law: "It is appointed man once to die." These evils were palpable from daily experience. Now he sees that they are as nothing compared with the loss of his heritage of supernatural life which was forfeited by his forefather's sin. Adam was to have transmitted to his posterity this tremendous gift along with the natural life he has given us. He failed his children. He and we in him strangled that life at its very beginning. We come into the world without that divinizing spark that should have been ours. As St. Augustine has it, after the Fall and by mortal sin, "man becomes man and only man," not as God intended a creature sharing as far as a finite nature can in His Divinity.

Serious sin has for him a new hideousness. It is

now not merely the violation of the law of a far-off God, but a supernatural suicide, the wilful destruction of that wondrous life which God in His love had given that He might be to us a near God, He living in us and we in Him. It is the ejection from one's soul of the participated life of God, for Sanctifying Grace and mortal sin cannot coexist in a person's soul; the one necessarily expels the other. A son of God cannot be the slave of the devil. Because life is so precious the murderer is branded with a special stigma. Yet the man who sins mortally extinguishes a life infinitely more priceless than does the murderer. No crime can be compared with that which kills the supernatural life of the soul. Deliberate venial sin does not slay supernaturally but it does wound. It robs the elevated soul of its vigor and leaves it precariously weak and sickly. In the light of all this one understands why sin is called the greatest of all evils.

Christ our Lord's death is seen with a fuller significance. It is now not merely the passing of a dear Friend who was redeeming him in some way. Rather it is the act by which that Friend made him once again a "naturalized" son of God, a sacrifice that bought back for him his birthright, the sublime gift of Christ's infinitely precious human life which He laid down that he might once again have the life divine he lost in Adam.

His appreciation of the Sacraments is broadened and deepened. He sees them now as rivulets in which life-giving Grace flows into dead or thirsty souls from that "fountain of living water springing up unto life everlasting." A babe who comes into this world with original sin upon him is supernaturally still-born until the waters of Baptism have flowed upon him. Only when he has been "saved by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the Holy Ghost" is he quickened with this wondrous life that God gives him. Only then is he truly "born of God." With this Sacrament are planted the seeds of that life which goes on increasing within him until it is either smothered out by mortal sin or bursts into all its full vitality in the face to face vision of God in heaven. With Baptism begins that act the ecstasy of which a whole eternity will be unable to exhaust.

If a man has the misfortune to fall into grievous sin the Sacrament of Penance, that "second plank" which saves us from spiritual drowning, is at hand. A penitent goes to confession living and breathing as far as men may see but completely dead in the eyes of God. The priest raises his hand in absolution over his contrite head and the radiant life of Grace courses once more through his soul. Daily in the dark quiet of the confessional a miracle more stupendous than that of the raising of Lazarus is performed.

The Holy Eucharist is the daily food by which this life is sustained and made more robust. At the word of the priest Our Lord comes in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that memorial of His life-giving death, that He may be the bread of our souls, nourishing them, strengthening in them the life that He has shared with them, revivifying the God-life within us.

Extreme Unction is the final anointing by which we are cleansed and signed and sealed to start out on our last journey into the kingdom of Heaven. Viaticum is given us that our Christlife fail us not as we travel that dark narrow road alone; no, not alone but with Him. Confirmation, Matrimony and Holy Orders were instituted by Our Lord that the precious higher life of our souls might grow and be strong enough to live through the trials that meet us as we walk through life as Christians, or in the holy state of matrimony, or as God's priests.

At last our Catholic is completely awake. The puzzle of life is as fully solved for him as it can be this side of eternity. Before his eyes which have been opened to the supernatural all of its pieces fall into place. The world of time and sense appears in its proper relation to the realm of true reality which lies beyond. Success and failure, poverty and wealth, power and pleasure and sickness and loss all seem insignificant in comparison with the treasure that he now knows he possesses. He would willingly forego or endure them all if only he might remain supernaturally alive. Death has lost much of its terror. It is a price that he must pay to enter fully into his new life. The words from the Preface of the Mass for the Dead, "life is not taken away but changed," really mean what they say. Into his heart there comes a sense of peace and security and power he did not know before. The troubles, annoyances and irritations, the discouragement and heartache and worry that come into every mortal's day touch him still, but it is only the surface of his soul which is ruffled. Down in its depths there is a continual abiding happiness which is a foretaste of heaven. The light of the life that pulses within him casts its radiance into his mind and heart and will give him courage and joyous hope and strength in the midst of darkness. His ordinary day is transformed. He looks at the men about him with a new interest. Some of them are quick with the life of grace, others are mere men. The flame of supernatural life has not as yet been lit in the hearts that God made to receive it. He longs to help them, to bring them this life. He understands in the light of his own desires why men and women leave their homes and country at Christ's call and bury themselves in foreign lands amid appalling conditions. They are torches who bring the light that is life to those who are dead in the dark womb of ignorance and sin. With an implacable hatred he wars against the godless school, the immoral movie or play, the bad book because they are so many subtle poisons that prevent the reception of this life in some souls and destroy it in others.

When a Catholic has caught the gleam of some of these truths, when the light of comprehension has dawned in his soul there opens up before him a glorious new existence. Piety is no longer mere meaningless motions that must be gone through but the very breath of his life. His sense of values has undergone a complete change. At last he is in touch with reality. He lives a truly Catholic life, a life more abundant. At last he can say with Saint Paul and understand the significance of his words: "I live, now not I but Christ liveth in me."

BUT IS IT EDUCATIONALLY SOUND?

The lathe and saw crowd out cultural subjects

J. A. WOLFE

AFTER sitting through the commencement exercises of a public high school last June, we were invited to visit the manual-training department. It was gay with furniture which the pupils had made, and the sight pleased both them and their parents. At another school, we witnessed a scene that was in striking contrast. Here college-entrance examinations were in progress. There was no wood-carving here; the young people were struggling with tests in mathematics, languages, literature, and history. They had been studying languages for at least three years, and mathematics since they left off wearing rompers. Reason was uppermost here; the hand was of small consequence.

In these two contrasts, we see the characteristics of public and, for the most part, of private education today. In the larger cities, it is true, the public schools are more like the private schools in the type of instruction which they offer, while some private schools make more of manual training and of vocational instruction. Today, the elementary and secondary schools are experimenting with new projects which range from the fine arts to vocationalism. Out of it will emerge, we trust, something that will correct the errors of the past.

But is the general tendency to stress hand work in the public schools educationally sound? We must consider whether it will prepare these young people for that degree of leadership of which they can be made capable. Will it give them that sense of leisure and enjoyment in home and family which comes from a well-rounded education?

Let us consider what the citizens of 1946 will need to know. They should be familiar with at least one foreign language, with the history of lands to which their business will extend, with the minds and temper of their inhabitants. They will need to write much more than the citizens of 1936. Above all, they will need minds that can reason and reach solid conclusions.

Let us assume that labor and capital are on the way to smooth out their difficulties. If the representatives of labor come to an understanding with their employers, will it not be in order for the people of 1946 to have more uniform opportunities so that they will appreciate the same pleasures, and possess a sort of partnership in production and

privilege? They will need in early life to have the same opportunities for learning to appreciate the best that life affords. If, however, the vocational idea is pushed to the limit, the prospective leaders, often without any language or mathematics, or any history, except an acquaintance with the home State or country, will find themselves compelled to go back to school after graduation. They will strike a stone wall where they ought to find an open country. That will discourage all but the most resolute. The mass will increase in numbers, and the leaders will have to be recruited from the graduates of the private schools plus the graduates of the high schools that are independent enough to take a different point of view.

At a time when diplomacy, business and industry are calling men who can take responsibility—and often calling in vain—America will be divided into two social classes: those who work with their hands and those who work with their brains. That condition was the fatal error that the Germans made in 1914. The working classes that stopped at what we call the eighth grade were helpless in the hands of their masters. France never has made this mistake; neither has Scotland; and through the Fisher Education Act England never intends to make it again. Do we in America, therefore, dare to say that the eighty-five per cent of school children shall feed upon merely mechanical and work-a-day subjects, and shall be denied the opportunities that the comparatively few public-school collegians and the graduates of private schools have enjoyed?

A trade, or a profession, or a business, is best learned by working at it. There are preliminaries to engineering and to medicine or to farming, but they begin when the pupil has made up his mind to become an engineer, a farmer or a doctor. Before that time, it is best to acquire the richest and most stimulating general knowledge possible. Our great business leaders do not want men and women who enter their establishments with the conviction that they know everything that is to be known about steel or textiles or finances or fertilizers. They want office help who know how to spell and write correctly, young men who because they can think, can interpret a complicated letter. Youth is the time for ideas; the school education that Americans crave

is the sort that will mean rational enjoyment in later life. School education of the right sort will make for national prosperity, for quieter living, and for habits that without display satisfy the taste.

In other words, a full and interesting school course that affords plenty of history, at least one foreign language, a solid training in mathematics and wide acquaintance with English literature, brings not only equipment for the highest positions in business and public life, but a sense of pleasure in a person's own life, and in his family life. People who enjoy a good book or a magazine that conveys interesting information about the affairs of the world do not need to rush out to the movies in bored desperation, or to spend ten dollars of an evening at a worthless musical comedy. One of our public men says that as we need more religion in our business, so we need more reflection in our daily lives.

In looking through the careers of men who have attained superiority, you will find, in general, two varieties. One is the self-taught and self-teaching sort. To these, it makes little difference whether they have finished even an elementary school. They see everything direct, and flashing with meaning; they get quickly to the point of the problem; they distinguish between the useful and the useless. As they gain in ability, they reach a stage where by similar reasoning they are able to sift and settle mental and moral issues. After all, the ability to do that is the whole of education.

What good was a school-teacher to Franklin, wizard of constructiveness and commonsense? He devoured books and rejected whatever in them did not apply in life. He learned his trade by working at it, and tried his theories by a combination of invention and skepticism. Thomas Edison, who lived in an age of experts, owed nothing to the trade or technical school but everything to a pair of nimble hands and an inquisitive mind. Had he early possessed the gift of exposition, he could have lectured to engineers when he was fifteen years of age. Sitting in a classroom would have irked him to death. His friend, Burroughs, learned many things at first-hand from birds, streams, and pine boughs. He drew his style direct from the nature that he portrayed so lovingly. Lincoln is the splendid example of self-training. It is needless to speak of the shovel and the charcoal with which he "did his sums," and of the few moralizing books that he learned by heart, nor need we do more than comment in passing upon his self-imposed study of geometry in his later years, to fill a need rather than to fulfill a form.

Such are the results of direct and simple analysis, backed by the ambition of genius. There is here no academic tradition, no examinations, no jury of peers; for a man like Lincoln has no peers. If he is fortunate, he has a few understanding persons who spur him on: a parent, a friend, an employer.

At the other extreme is the thoroughbred system that drills a man from the cradle to the grave. It assumes that a liberal training is necessary. It has produced men like Gladstone, Peel, Balfour, and in America, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Evans

Hughes, and Elihu Root. There are fewer failures among its ranks than there are among the self-taught, because the boy or the man has behind him the whole force of institutions. Schools and colleges are waiting for him with open arms. If he fails, it is because of laziness or of inability to take advantages; whereas with the entirely self-taught man circumstances over which he has no control may be fighting against him.

It would seem that the two extremes were the most effective soil in which leadership grows. Men challenge and conquer when their problems are hard; and a university prize winner or a country boy who has the genius to rise above his environment delights in going from success to success. By mastering difficulties he masters the physical, the mental and the moral world. But we suspect that the boy or girl who is neither self-taught, nor trained according to the highest standards, finds the work only half done in a vocationalized course of study. It means little if the ability to think is not acquired, and is no education at all if split into detached bits. Business, government and the professions are eagerly waiting for the pupil who knows mathematics, history and a language other than his own. They are ready to accept apprentice work; but they want apprentices who are educated, rather than apprentices who have dabbled in many things, and know none thoroughly.

Yet there is not the slightest occasion for anything except optimism. All that is necessary is to oblige every boy or girl at all fit, even in the rural schools, to take one foreign language, a course in mathematics that lasts through at least three years, and to see that the school library plays a large part in the pupil's life. The turning lathe and the electric stove should not crowd these out. If we follow that plan, we shall have future leaders.

There are practical tools that no one should be without: reading, writing, numbers and work with the hands. There are real subjects that teach how to apply knowledge; mathematics, pursued to its logical end, geography and natural history. And there are the ideal forms that set the mind free; religion, the understanding of languages as the framework of speech, and all the material that opens out to us as we study the literature and history of human minds and groups of people. It was Professor West of Princeton who divided the subjects in a slightly different way: (1) Functions of nature, as physics, mathematics, biology and chemistry; (2) Functions of man, as history and government; (3) Functions of the individual, as language and literature, in which he can express his differentiation.

If our educators will bear these principles in mind, the period of reconstruction, the progress of our civilization will know no limits. Graduates of agricultural schools will take up abandoned farms and will make them pay. There will be a new understanding between capital and labor because of the equalized opportunity. Instead of the "intelligentsia" we shall have a large number of thinking people who will stand out in vivid contrast with the vacant-minded mass.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

GOD'S STAGE AND MAN'S DECORATIONS

TOWARDS evening, when the last speaker had completed his final utterance and the chairman had thanked everybody from the Mayor down, I stepped out upon the terrace and realized that there was a "view." I had known it, of course, in a general sort of way. The Mayor, it occurs to me, had said something about the view as he also explained to us the perfection of the township's water supply. Whatever might befall us during our deliberations, no one would die of thirst. But I was not prepared for this particular grandeur; nor for the soft haze that enveloped it all; nor for the pine-laden breeze that you hear so much about but usually find mixed with motor fumes and an odor of cooking; nor for the mysterious shimmerings of the little mountain lake that bounded the shadowy golf course.

What comforted me at that moment was the thought that I had, as it were, just walked out into the scene. No one had taken me by the arm and asked me to admire. In fact there was no need of admiration. The country was just there, and being alone, I had no need to think of anything to say.

I could repeat to myself, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, the expression I heard once from an energetic Frenchman as after four hours' continuous ascent he clambered out upon the topmost lookout point and beheld half the Eastern Alps unrolled before his gaze: *Très gentil*: "Very nice!"

But solitude, like society, has its limitations. Not being a nature worshiper, I can find complete enjoyment of nature's grandeurs only as a background to something else that is worth while: a sublime action, for instance, as when Mass is celebrated in open air; or as a background to some important experience, conversation, or spiritual growth that has taken place in such associations, or as a setting for art, particularly musical art.

And yet how seldom can you hear great music performed in surroundings where the Creator Himself has provided the scene!

The ineffable monotony of the surroundings in which most of us are obliged to listen to first-rate music, if we get opportunity to listen at all! The blank neutrality of a typical concert hall or auditorium is, of course, infinitely better than meretricious decorations. You merely forget any sense of sight, from which you are temporarily abstracted, and enjoy cantatas and symphonies precisely as a blind man would.

Some such regrets stir in other breasts than my own, for I find that Saratoga's Yaddo Corporation, devoted to furthering the creative arts, is experimenting in this direction. Where the Lord Him-

self does not provide the stage, Dr. Thomas H. Dickinson, noted author, playwright, and director is working on a solution through scenic art.

"It so happens," says Dr. Dickinson, "in the case of concerts that we put a beautiful voice on a stage illy lighted and with an ugly backdrop and the beauty of the music is vitiated by the unalluring quality of the set."

"In the three programs we are presenting at the theater at the Saratoga Spa, we are introducing appropriate settings, of simple beauty, not sensational. We are putting into practice our belief that, while the ear is allured the eye might just as well be satisfied. Heretofore the eye has been displeased by horrible drapes, bad design, and so on."

I believe the day will come when the concert artist will be as exacting about the lights and drapes and other devices with which to enhance his interpretation of the great Masters as are now some of the famous dancers, or as a playwright with his production. Why not?

For its setting the Mass needs no grandeur, though it can make use of splendor when occasion provides. All that the liturgy of the Mass demands is a setting which concentrates attention upon the sacred Action itself. Such is the purpose of the various regulations and recommendations that liturgists promulgate for the proper construction and decoration of the altar.

No mountain prospect impressed the Pilgrim so much as did the story told him recently of a priest in a Southern mission parish, who has come close to the liturgical ideal by simply using his head and hands instead of the store catalog. In this priest's little church, built of freshly quarried mountain granite at a total cost of not more than \$6,000, and furnished with ample comfortable home-made pews, stands a thoroughly liturgical altar, which with baldachino cost only \$213.00.

For the curious, here are the items:

- \$50.00 oak lumber from mountain mill.
- \$25.00 cartage of lumber in truck.
- \$9.00 ply-board.
- \$9.00 drapes where native mountain loom work was used.
- \$15.00 paint and stencils.
- \$100.00 mill work.
- \$5.00 crucifix (polychromed).

The mill work was obtained merely by the pastor loading the lumber into a truck and driving a few hundred miles with it to Pensacola, Fla. The painting and polychroming was done gratuitously and effectively by Mrs. Lennon, a parishioner. And if you do not believe all this, just ask her, or ask Father O'Mara himself. Let me add that there are eighteen lanterns in the church, each of which cost \$2.75 for glass, and fifty cents for the chain. And it is all *très gentil*.
THE PILGRIM.

THE PRESIDENT ON PEACE

PERSUASIVE as President Roosevelt's speeches on non-political topics usually are, we find a new note of power in his eloquent address on peace at Chautauqua two weeks ago. "We seek to dominate no other nation. We ask no territorial expansion. We oppose imperialism. We desire reduction in the world's armaments. We believe in democracy; we believe in freedom; we believe in peace." Putting political issues aside, the President spoke at his best, and gave utterance to a creed which is accepted and promoted by the American people.

Yet Mr. Roosevelt was not content to dismiss his topic with generalities expressed in eloquent language. He realizes that war may once more curse Europe, and that in spite of our abhorrence, we may again be dragged into the hateful circle of war. Was it Woodrow Wilson who said that even over the opposition of the Department of State, any President so minded could plunge the United States into hostilities within a fortnight? We need fear no such step from the President. He and the Department of State are united with the American people in a policy of sane pacifism.

But in the event of war in Europe, pressure would undoubtedly be brought, as it was twenty years ago, to set that policy aside. It would be urged with even greater insistence than at the outbreak of the World War, since in this era of economic depression the argument would be put more tellingly than in 1914. Caught by the lure of war profits, "thousands of Americans," to quote the President, would contend that by producing articles of commerce to be exported to all the belligerent nations, we could open our factories, and put our unemployed back to work. America, they would tell us, could capture the trade of the world, and restore prosperity to the whole country.

It is a specious argument, one that will be made only by those who, in the words of Mr. Roosevelt "seek fools' gold." Memories are short, and the recollection that this trade policy was the one great factor which brought us into the war in 1917, is now faint in the minds of many. Yet the argument must be resisted. "If we face the choice of profits or peace," said the President, "the nation will answer—must answer—we choose peace."

Yet, in reality, there are no profits to be derived from war, even in favor of the profiteer. For a time, he plies his bloody trade, and piles up his unhallowed gold, but the price of war must at last be paid, and it is so heavy that in the day of reckoning all his profits are swept away. When the World War ended, the country found itself with a debt that had increased from one to twenty-five billions of dollars, and with factors of lust and greed newly loosed to prepare the way for the economic depression which has hung over the entire country for seven years. Prosperity built upon war is as false as the dreams of an opium eater. If we want peace, we must be prepared to pay for it, but however great the price that may be demanded, it will be cheaper than war.

SECULAR EDUCATION

MORE than 2,000,000 Catholic children will be enrolled in the public schools next week. What proportion of them will be Catholics in 1956? The answer depends largely upon the religious training they receive. How many will be trained at home? Few parents have the time, and fewer the ability, to give much more than some preliminary instruction. The Sunday school is better than nothing, but its duration ranges from only sixteen to twenty-two hours per year. All these children are exposed to serious danger, and many will fall. For secular education closes the churches and prepares for atheism.

COMMUNISM / BA

RECENT reports from Spain are not, we hope, portents of yet darker days in the Iberian peninsula. The familiar Communistic tactics made it plain that the Madrid Government has absorbed the anti-social and anti-religious philosophy of Moscow. "The rebels want to save their country from the domination of Moscow," writes William T. Stuttart, correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *London Morning Post*, in an uncensored article, sent by radio from Marseilles, "and they regard the war as a fight to save Christianity." What Mr. Stuttart wrote on August 18 was foreshadowed in an article published in the *Osservatore Romano* early in the month. Although remonstrances had been addressed to the Madrid Government, following the attacks on churches, and the shocking massacres of priests and nuns, yet "these repeated and insistent complaints lodged by the Holy See failed to cause the Government to prevent or to punish violence against the Church." Thus the old story of Moscow, protestations of devotion to liberty coupled with the destruction of liberty, is retold in every city in Spain still under the sway of the Madrid Government.

The future is indeed ominous. If reports from the battle area in Spain are even approximately correct, it would seem that a minor European war is already in progress. Italy and Germany, so run the stories, are secretly but actively supporting the anti-Communistic armies, while the Communists are receiving aid from France.

AMENDMENTS

CAMPAIGN managers have agreed that the Constitution need not be scrapped, but to hint that alterations may be needed is not heresy. The Constitution authorizes them, and prescribes the method of making them. The danger does not lie in amending the Constitution constitutionally, but, as Washington warned us, "in the spirit of innovation upon its principles," which undermines "what cannot be directly overthrown." As changes are shown to be necessary or useful, let us make them, not by indirection, which breeds nothing but disrespect for authority, but openly and through constitutional methods.

SM / BAY IN SPAIN

Great Britain thus far has contented herself with "observation" and with diplomatic notes. But it is fairly certain that neither Italy nor Germany is actuated by altruistic motives. Each Government looks for recompense, probably in the form of port privileges, perhaps in cessions of territory. Great Britain cannot contemplate with equanimity the growth of Italian influence in the Mediterranean, or on the roads to the East. France, with no friendly feelings toward Great Britain, is undoubtedly cementing a closer alliance with Moscow, as its foreign policy makes abundantly plain. Thus far, there has been no open act of hostility between Italy, Germany, France, or Great Britain, but all differences have been concealed, like the ostrich with its head in the sand, beneath the diaphanous veils of diplomatic correspondence.

Despite the efforts of many American journals to canonize the Madrid Government as champions of political liberty, while stigmatizing the "rebels" as protagonists of a dictatorship, the immediate issue in Spain should be obvious to any thinking American. The revolt in Spain is an attempt to free the country from the sway of atheistic Moscow. Communistic propaganda did not begin in Spain with the downfall of the monarchy, but had its rise nearly a generation ago. The Spanish people are now suffering what every people must suffer who fail to use the iron hand in dealing with Communism. May we in this country not learn that lesson too late.

CONTAGIOUS LYNCHING

CONGRESS has for years shelved every proposal for an adequate law to abate lynching by punishing lynchers. Usually the shelving has been accomplished quietly, and with an air of regret. Legislation of greater consequence must be given precedence, we are told, but next year the bill will be fully considered. Now and then, however, the shelving is accompanied with loud mouthings from the morally and socially illiterate, in Congress and out of it. We had hoped that the bill introduced last year would have won some degree of favor, at least to the extent of a hearing on the floor of Congress. But in forming that hope we had forgotten that 1936 is an election year, when the politicians are in charge.

Now despite his reputation for astuteness, the average politician, like the average capitalist, is not quite bright. He is a good deal of a dolt; in fact, judging by the government which he gives us, we should rate him as a low-grade moron. But the managers of the Democratic campaign, in declining to consider anti-lynching legislation on the ground that it might alienate votes, have fallen to a new low in stupidity. Their theory, presumably, is that lynching is a popular pastime, not only in the South where Democrats do most abound, but throughout the country. Consequently, the election of their candidate might be imperilled by interference through Federal legislation with a practice which is always anarchical and quite commonly sadistic.

But lynching is really not popular in the United States. It is not popular even in the South, where it makes its appearance more frequently than in other sections. We admit that the statistics seem to refute our contention, but we would insist that here statistics are misleading. Lynching is popular only with that element in the South commonly designated "white trash," and in communities in other parts of the country in which religion has been displaced by vice and superstition. These infected areas are not always rural, as the "Black Legion" which had its center in Detroit, clearly shows. During the most flourishing period of the Ku Klux Klan, that aggregation of mental and moral wrecks established some of its strongest groups in the metropolitan districts of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

But the lynchers, the Klan, and the Legion, form only a small segment of society, and that the lowest. They cannot be cited as evidence that lynching is popular in the United States, except in the sense that Alcatraz and our other prisons prove that a substantial majority of our people are robbers and kidnapers. But our politicians prefer to cater to this corrupt minority, and to encourage rebellion against the laws of God and of the state.

Yet in spite of its obvious restriction to limited groups and areas, lynching is far too common. The victims are generally Negroes, but the disorder which accompanies lynching engenders a vicious spirit which soon seeks victims other than Negroes.

To tolerate lynching on the assumption that the victims are "only Negroes," is, plainly, to condone murder; it is also an invitation to lynchers to take their victims wherever they find them. Experience shows, as the *Interracial Review* for August observes in a thoughtful editorial, that mob outrages against Negroes lead to similar outrages against Jews, Catholics, and members of other minority groups. The "Black Legion," for instance, began by murdering Negroes and harrying Jews, but its latest known victim was a white man who was a Catholic. "All mob outrages are contagious," writes the editor of the *Review*, "and every unpunished lynching encourages other outlaw mobs to resort to violence."

We do not propose Federal anti-lynching laws in the confidence that they will forthwith abolish this despicable crime. Lynching has its source in irreligion, and the main attack must be made on the illiteracy, superstition, and vice rampant in the communities where it is most commonly found. But it seems to us that the enactment of this legislation would aid in creating a strong and active public opinion against lynching. Moreover, when the local officials are unwilling to take effective measures against lynchings, or to punish lynchers, Federal intervention will at least uphold the principle of authority, without which society must revert to the barbarism of the jungle.

Granted that the life of any man, whatever his lowly station or his color, can be taken with impunity, none of us is safe. What is before us is not solely a question of due protection for the Negro. In the campaign against lynching, the issue is protection for every man, and the maintenance of the welfare of the whole community.

SOCIAL SECURITY

MEDICAL scientists do not stop when they have found out how to cure a disease. Their goal is to discover the cause, and how to eliminate it. We wish that our sociologists and economists would take a leaf from the well-thumbed book of the medical men. It seems to us that too often the economist is content as long as he can treat symptoms, and discuss them at conventions. He and the sociologist are not notably diligent in seeking a cure of social diseases, and even less diligent in trying to eliminate causes. As long as a condition can be controlled, they are at peace.

This criticism is occasioned by the plaudits which have greeted the first anniversary of the Federal Social Security Board. It is announced that forty-five per cent of the "eligible" workers in the country have been covered by unemployment insurance, and that much has been done to induce the States to cooperate with the Federal Government in establishing old-age pensions. We are glad to know that the Board, if it has done nothing else, has stressed the duty of the civil authority to do its part in providing for the needy. For a good many years we have been insisting upon the neglected but somewhat obvious fact that it is cheaper for the

States to make provision in due time than to levy upon the public for the unemployed and the aged, during periods of unusual economic strain.

Even apart from the fact that the Act upon which the whole scheme rests has yet to pass the scrutiny of the Supreme Court, it seems to us that these plaudits are somewhat premature. Since the plan makes no provision for nearly half of the gainfully employed, including those in domestic and farm service, it can hardly be considered adequate. Complaint too has been made that the tax upon employers is unnecessarily heavy, and this is a point that should be cleared up as soon as possible. Continued opposition of employers will not aid putting the pension plan on a firm foundation. On the whole, while some beginning has been made, we must not allow ourselves to think that the social-security Act goes to the root of any social or economic evil. It does not establish social security; at best, it gives some guarantee that about half of our people will suffer a less harrowing kind of social insecurity.

GOD CARES FOR US

WOULD life be worth living, if there were no God? The question is aimless, for God exists, and necessarily. But life is not worth much in terms of content and happiness, unless we can realize that God exists, that He is our Father, that He loves us, and will take care of us, if we will but resign ourselves into His hands. These are truths that all Catholics know and admit. But we should be better Catholics, happier children of God, more helpful to our fellows, were our assent to them real as well as notional, practical as well as abstract.

We can think of Almighty God as an infinite Being, dwelling in realms that are inaccessible, contemplating His infinite perfections; and we shall not be in error. But we do not exhaust our notions of Him, all of them inadequate, by thinking of Him only as infinite. God is also our Father, and the love, kindly, provident, long-suffering, of the most loving of human fathers, is but a faint type of the love which He bears for every one of us. Therefore, He will take care of us. The little child looks to his father, and considers him the very embodiment of power and goodness. He is sure, although he does not reason about the matter, that his father will protect him. We must become as little children in looking upon God our Father.

That is the beautiful lesson which Our Lord teaches in the Gospel for the Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost. God cares for the birds of the air, for the lilies of the field, and if He cares for them, "how much more" for us "of much more value than they." This complete trust and confidence in God is styled, in the familiar gibe of the atheist, "the anodyne of religion." But it is not that; it is the strong force which quickens life, stirs to action, sustains us in all trials, and urges us with steady insistence to help others to bear their burdens. With that confidence in our heart, we can face life and its trials unafraid. God will take care of us.

CHRONICLE

THROUGHOUT THE NATION. Speaking at Chautauqua, N. Y., on August 14, President Roosevelt set forth his foreign policy as one which was founded upon the maintenance of peace and neutrality regardless of pressure arising at home or abroad. Owing to the uneasy condition of Europe the President decided not to make his trip down the Mississippi which was to have followed his journey to the "dust bowl." In an effort to meet the growing relief need in the Western drought area the President on August 19 approved an increase in WPA subsistence jobs from the current 90,000 to a minimum of 120,000 and a maximum of 150,000. At the maximum figure this project, it was estimated, would cost \$7,500,000 a month. On the same day the AAA announced a series of regional conferences at which plans for a soil-conservation program could be worked out in such a way as to pay the farmer for repairing drought-damaged lands without encouraging him to increase production of cash crops. Governor Landon left Estes Park, Col., on August 20 on the first trip of his campaign. It was planned that he would speak at West Middlesex, Pa., and at Chautauqua and Buffalo.

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COUGHLIN CONVENTION ENDS. The first convention of the National Union for Social Justice held in Cleveland closed on August 16 with an outdoor rally at which some 25,000 persons were present. Representative Lemke, whose candidacy for President the delegates of the Union endorsed by a vote of 8,152 to one without, however, endorsing the Third Party or its platform, spoke and promised to remake the nation politically and physically. Father Coughlin in his closing speech described his disillusionment in President Roosevelt and challenged the Jews of America to accept the doctrine of Christian brotherhood. He brought his address to a premature close, overcome by exhaustion. The convention resolutions took the form of an affirmation of faith in the Constitution and a condemnation of all who tamper with it. Usurpation of Congress' power by the passage of the original Federal Reserve Banking Act and all amendments thereto were declared unconstitutional. A just distribution of wealth was urged. Finally, all of Father Coughlin's acts were endorsed without exception.

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WAR WITHOUT QUARTER. Spanish Insurgents pressed their drive on three fronts. Badajoz, southwest of Madrid, reduced by effective bombardment, was theirs after fierce hand-to-hand fighting, and communications were definitely established between northern and southern forces. Aftermath of the victory was the execution of hundreds of Communist defenders. In the far South two forces were

converging on Government-held Malaga. In the North warships and planes continued to bombard Irun and San Sebastian despite the Government warning that 700 prisoners in San Sebastian and 1,200 in Irun would be executed at the first burst of firing. How far the threat was carried out could not be ascertained. Thus far Government forces desperately resisted all assaults, though Insurgents had advanced to the very gates of Irun, and San Sebastian after weeks of siege was on the verge of falling. Government troops reopened the Badajoz warfare in a counter attack on Merida, thirty-five miles east of the city, in an effort to drive a wedge between General Mola's and General Franco's forces. Government attacks continued unavailing against Segovia, Oviedo, Saragossa and other Insurgent strongholds, so that, with the exception of Badajoz, the relative positions of the contending parties remained unchanged. Better planning, however, and better organization seemed to favor Insurgent hopes of final victory. In addition, General Franco, was receiving a constant stream of reinforcements brought in by plane from Morocco, and the ever-present threat of attack kept Madrid in a state of anxiety. Three air liners were reported in readiness for the flight of Government leaders should the Insurgents prevail in Madrid. More uncensored reports began to appear in the daily press. A delayed dispatch to the *New York Times* reported over 700 executions and 7,000 arrests in Madrid prior to August 9. Of those slain many were priests. On July 19 and 20 nineteen churches were destroyed, and since that time no public Mass has been celebrated and no priest has appeared in clerical garb in the city. After court-martial General Joaquin Fanjul and Colonel Tomas Fernandez were executed. Insurgents protested against the use of poison gas by Communist forces. Catalonia took steps for complete independence from the rest of Spain.

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ALLEGED MOSCOW PLOT. The periodic distraction from current political or social crises afforded to their citizens and to the world by the Moscow Government in the form of sensational "exposures" was again exemplified when on August 19 Gregory Zinoviev, former chairman of the Communist Third International Executive Committee, Leon Kamenev, and fourteen others were put on trial for organizing terrorist groups. Karl Radek, editorial writer of the Moscow *Izvestiya* was also put under suspicion. It will be recalled that Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek, Trotzky, Rakovsky, and others were expelled from the Communist party in December, 1927, and have been made the scapegoats of innumerable accusations ever since. The defendants in the present instance were accused of conspiring

with Leon Trotzky, now in Norway, to assassinate Joseph Stalin, Soviet dictator, and most of the other prominent members of the Soviet hierarchy. The alleged confessions of the witnesses were enthusiastically confirmed by Zinoviev and Kamenev. Leon Trotzky was accused of conspiring with the German secret police to assassinate Stalin. Failure of the plan was said to be due to the weakness of Zinoviev. Questioned by the press, M. Trotzky ridiculed the whole affair as "humbug." The German Government showed no interest in the proceedings, and would not even send an observer to the trial.

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THE WORLD LOOKS ON. Fears that the Spanish war might yet involve other nations continued to be expressed. Germany's answer to French proposals was a conditioned agreement to neutrality. Italy's answer was again delayed while her whole air force was put in readiness for flight at a moment's notice. France permitted the Madrid Government to transport arms and supplies through French territory. The United States received a note from Uruguay suggesting mediation by Pan-American Governments in the Spanish war. Insurgent leaders expressed hopes of immediate recognition by Germany and Italy in the event of a victory in Madrid.

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GERMAN IRRITATION. Incensed because the Spanish cruiser *Libertad* fired on the German ship *Kamerun*, stopped and searched her on the open sea, Germany sent a sharp note of protest to the Madrid Government and gave orders to warships patrolling Spanish waters to open fire if Spanish ships again interfere with German merchantmen outside the three mile limit. Admiral Rolf Carls, commander-in-chief of German forces in Spanish waters, informed Madrid that he had ordered his ships to "answer every unjustified use of force by your ships with force." More German warships immediately departed for Spanish waters.

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BRITISH EMBARGO. Not awaiting the agreement of other countries on non-intervention in the Spanish civil war, the British Government took action to prevent export by its nationals of war material or aircraft to either of the combatant factions. A Board of Trade announcement revoked all such export licenses. In an appeal to the Christians of the world the Christian Arabs of the Holy Land protested against the policy of the British Mandatory Government in allowing Jewish immigration to Palestine and preventing the establishment of Arabic representative government. At Geneva, the Mandates Commission's report revealed vain efforts by the Commission to obtain from the British Government information about the Arab uprising.

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RECENT ELECTIONS IN CANADA. Keen interest was shown in the recent elections in the Quebec Legislative Assembly where nearly 200 candidates for the ninety vacant seats had filed nomination papers.

The fight was waged between the Liberals under Premier Godbout and the Conservatives, called in Quebec the National Unionists, under Mr. Duplessis. Premier Godbout appealed for support on the ground that by shaking off ex-Premier Taschereau and most of his Ministers and taking in younger men, the Liberal party purged itself of the scandals alleged by Duplessis in the Taschereau régime. It was reported that a majority of the young Liberals who cooperated with Duplessis in driving Taschereau out of office would join him in his National Union party. The elections resulted in a crushing defeat for the old Liberal Party, the Conservatives winning seventy-five of the ninety seats.

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FIANNA FAIL WINS. In two recent by-elections in the Free State, held at Galway and Wexford, President de Valera's candidates won, in each case by quite substantial majorities. Mr. de Valera opened the campaign in person in each place and defended the Government's procedure against the hostile Republican Army. The Fine Gael representatives were very popular in their districts. In Galway the brother of the recent incumbent, Patrick Hogan, Minister in Mr. Cosgrave's Cabinet, was the nominee. In both cases, a de Valera supporter supplanted a Cosgrave man. The elections were conducted in an orderly way by all parties.

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THE WORLD JEWISH CONGRESS. At Geneva a permanent organization of the Jews of the world with central bureaus for migration and relief was proposed. Details of anti-Semitic activities in various European countries were revealed and plans drawn up to coordinate the boycott of Nazi Germany. The attitude of the British Government toward the troubles in Palestine was criticized as irresolute. It was finally decided to incorporate as a permanent organization in Switzerland, with offices in Geneva, Paris, and New York. There would be 136 representatives from thirty-two countries. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, headed the executive committee.

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INSTITUTE OF PACIFIC RELATIONS. The Japanese delegates to this Institute meeting at Yosemite, Cal., declared for a treaty with the United States and Great Britain to guarantee permanently the independence and neutrality of the Philippine Islands. The future status of the Islands, they asserted, was necessary for the stabilization and peace of the Far East. The United States and Great Britain approved the plan. The Philippine delegates showed no eagerness for the removal of American guns and forts from the Islands nine years hence. Great Britain's declaration made it quite clear that a complete withdrawal would be unwelcome. A member of Britain's delegation spoke against Japan's trade expansion, warning that her policy might force several other powers to unite against her. The Russian delegation to the Institute saw a hint of war in the statement of Dr. Kenzo Takayanagi that "in Asia, Japan is not reluctant to use force."

CORRESPONDENCE

MEXICAN SEMINARY

EDITOR: Collections are to be taken up in most of the dioceses of the United States, by direction of their Ordinaries, for the founding and support of a National Seminary to train and educate students for the priesthood of Mexico. Official representatives of the Mexican and American Hierarchies met at San Antonio, Texas, in March, 1936. The American Committee of Bishops asked the Mexican Committee of Bishops to state what, in their judgment, the Church in the United States could properly and consistently do to help them. The answer was clear: a seminary was the great need.

Under present conditions it is impossible to conduct seminaries in Mexico; those still running are hidden away and conducted under extraordinary difficulties with only a few students; several even of these have been raided, confiscated, or destroyed. The Mexican Bishops hoped that the work done for the Mexican Church by the Church Extension Society twenty years ago in opening and supporting a seminary for the Mexican Church would be taken up again. One hundred Mexican graduates came out of that seminary and returned to work as priests in Mexico.

The problem is much more difficult of solution today. Room must be found for about five-hundred students. No building has yet been selected, though several have been offered. Final action cannot be taken until the Bishops' Committee knows how much help can be relied upon, both for the purchase of the building and for support. The Mexican Bishops believe that even under peaceful conditions in Mexico the seminary will be needed for the next ten years.

The point I wish to make clear to the Catholic public is that the only request made by the representatives of the Mexican Hierarchy to their brother Bishops was for the foundation and support of a seminary. The Mexican representatives went so far as to say that they were not authorized to speak of anything else.

Both the Mexican and American Bishops see the need of taking up the challenge made against the apostolicity of the Church. The American Bishops, with the aid of the faithful, intend to see this matter through.

The Chairman of the American Bishops' Committee is the Most Rev. John Mark Gannon, D.D., Bishop of Erie, Pennsylvania. The undersigned is the Secretary-Treasurer. Donations will reach him at 1000 North Lee Avenue, Oklahoma City.

Oklahoma City, Okla. ✠ FRANCIS C. KELLEY.

BISHOP OF OKLAHOMA CITY AND TULSA.

(Published with a strong recommendation. Contributions received at our office will be gladly forwarded to Bishop Kelley.—Editor.)

STOP WAR

EDITOR: May I, too, add to the applause of Mr. Lavery my humble appreciation of Mr. Deverall's article, *Stop War*. It seems to me that America's Catholic youth would find AMERICA a much more interesting magazine than it is now if more articles of this type were published (although I must admit that even as you are one has to go far to find a better Catholic magazine).

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. CHARLES J. COOKE, JR.

DENIALS

EDITOR: Thornton Fitzmaurice's letter should not be allowed to go unanswered. The indictment of our Catholic colleges which he offered was not sustained by the reasons he adduced.

Need I point out the sophism involved in taking the news from one issue of a campus paper as indicative of the student activity for the entire year, or of the fallacy of taking one college as the criterion of all Catholic colleges?

To pass from the negative to the positive, I draw the attention of Mr. Fitzmaurice to the previous issue of AMERICA in which were several articles written by graduates of our Catholic colleges. Surely these young men are constructively active and are well on their way to taking an important place in their community.

Though the picture is depressing to Thornton Fitzmaurice, it is not so to me. True, we could wish for a greater intellectual development in particular undergraduates, but there are no grounds for the note of complete discouragement which pervaded the letter in question.

Atlantic City, N. J. JOHN EMMET CARMODY.

WANTS MIXERS

EDITOR: A point which I consider worth laboring is the comments you made upon the recommendations of the French clergy to their flocks in the matter of mixing in political affairs. It seems to me the only salvation for the Catholics in the world is to mix in politics, and do it in a way which will insure results. We have but to look around us to see what has happened to even the most Catholic of countries because the Catholics have permitted a small minority to seize the powers of the government. Here is one place where the Catholic might well borrow a page, or an entire volume from their enemies—the Protestants and particularly the Freemasons on the technique of overthrowing Catholic governments and setting up their own.

Michoacan, Mexico.

ROYAL P. JARVIS.

ANGLO-HISTORIC

William the Silent stopped for kippers here!
—probably knew these mute somnambulists
who ferry by, to long-forgotten trysts,
butter for muffin, glass for expired beer.
The last sound heard was my own voice begging "Toast!"
and heads rose up and pivoted in dismay.
Gesturing Hush! the servitor crept away
and the diners breathed again and resumed the roast.

They sat there bowed with the weight of historic awe,
speechless as pillars holding the centuries up,
while silent fork ascended to silent jaw
in the spot where William the Silent once had been.
Then madness came and I brazenly dropped a cup
—and the beams let go and the roof fell quietly in.

J. H. McCABE

DOMINE, NON SUM DIGNUS

My God came, between flowering hedges;
He came in the hands of man,
And the morning sang in His wake.
The dew shone bright upon His path,
The willows bore gleaming tapers
And the shadows bowed on the moss.

And the Lord entered my house.

Candles flamed on the fine white cloth;
The candles lit the day,
And my God lay resting there.
He came to me in the hands of man;
He gave me courage, peace and love.
I had nothing but pain to give.

FRANCES FRIESEKE

PRAYER IN THE FOREST

Weary and alone I stood
In the darkness of a wood;
All the leafy tongues were still
As the evening fell chill,
Not a footstep on the mould
Witness of my fellows told,
Not a star in all the sky
Was so lonesome then as I.

Falling on my knees I prayed
Telling God I was afraid.
Swiftly as I sent my prayer,
Fearful, on the quiet air,
There were all about me then
Creatures that were more than men;
Michael, that great archangel
Strong at arms, and Raphael
Tireless, and Thomas More,
God's gay prodigy of lore;
Thousands thronging in that glade
All a joyful chorus made,
All the sainted men of days
Hymned their Maker and His praise;

Marked I them and saw their eyes
Brimful of infinities;
And the souls who, bright with hope,
In their Purgatory grope,
And the Christian men who still
Wait the ending of their ill,
To the heart of heaven hurled
All the prayers of all the world.

Since when, with that chorus one,
Never can I be alone.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

THE METHODISTIC ONE

He serves his Lord with wooden things—
(His hands, his head and heart)
His wooden ways engage no wings
That soar to higher art;
To angel choirs he never brings
His cautioned, tuneless part.

Self-satisfied with wooden zeal,
(Exactly two-by-four)
He pities not a child's appeal,
Nor any broken door;
His voice would be a patent squeal
If eyes glanced at his store.

I dreamed the poor man died last night,
(But who am I to prate?)
He seemed a bunch of splintered fright
That creaked from toe to plate;
And overdazed by heaven's light
He stayed outside the gate.

But selfless fools of wise degree,
(All honest guys are they)
Who loved their neighbors mightily,
As Christ our Lord did say,
Will scourge the wood and set him free
To Mercy's heartfelt Way.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

CHILD'S CHALLENGE

Little Louise,
How you do put me little at my ease,
Making me measure in your sky-deep eyes
The distance I have withdrawn from Paradise;
Likewise;
By your bright laughter and the echo that rings there-
from
Clearly recalling Our Lord's "Unless you become
As one of these. . ."

And what is more,
How you do puncture my hypocrisies
With your
"You must be terribly holy, aren't you, Father?"
To which my devil retorts and snorts "Oh, rather!"

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

ALDOUS HUXLEY AND FUTILE FREEDOM

JAIME CASTIELLO, S.J.

IN his latest book, *Eyeless in Gaza* Aldous Huxley has dealt with man's oldest problem in an acutely modern way. It is the problem of human happiness which he calls the problem of freedom. And he has solved it tolerably well. In fact he has solved it in the only possible way such a problem can be solved, through love and sacrifice. The problem of inevitable pain can only be solved by a deliberate acceptance of pain. And in the long run only love can accept suffering. It is through the *kenosis*, the *exinanitio*, the emptying out of all brutal grabbing selfishness, that man attains to true love and through love to happiness. *Eyeless*, like another Samson, amidst the ruins of wrecked past purposes, Aldous Huxley sees.

Reading *Eyeless in Gaza*, I felt (may Mr. Huxley forgive me the comparison) as if I were taking a walk through a human zoo. I saw in all sorts of cages, all sorts of men trying to free themselves through all sorts of escapes from all sorts of suffering. Mr. Huxley seems to agree with Ignatius Loyola. Ignatius compares man to a caged being: *Anima in hoc corpore tamquam in carcere*, his "soul imprisoned in this corruptible body."

Can anyone sincerely doubt that man is caged in? Only, I suppose, the infinitely naive editors of the *New York World Telegram* and their cronies. These simple-minded gentlemen still believe in the antediluvian fable of absolute freedom. Caged in by a hundred human limitations, limited health, limited wealth, limited intelligence, limited biological potentialities, limited multiple conflicting urges, man is about as far from the absolute freedom of our optimistic liberals as a child in his walker or in his nursery cage.

What more natural than a caged animal trying to escape? In *Eyeless in Gaza* Mr. Huxley has shown us quite a fancy variety of escape mechanisms. The escape through sex, through irony or cynical detachment, through devotion to philology, anthropology or any other sort of mental orgy, through an enthralling love of the pseudo-spiritualistic kind, through political mysticism, through narrow devotion to mere material drudgery, through sentimentalism, through tireless activism

of the kind that is so popular in America. Who was it who said that an American is a body who is in a frantic hurry to get nowhere?

Eyeless in Gaza is not a story but a legion of stories. It is the story of Helen Amberley, a most impressionable, brilliant and highly-strung girl who looks for peace in something which shall transcend mere sensual satiation. It is the story of Brian Foxe the wise, gentle, stuttering youth, seeking his happiness in muddle-headed unselfishness. Brian Foxe is the born mystic. It is the story of Mary Amberley, the soul-vampire, feeding on cynicism and corrupted innocence as a crow on carrion carcasses. I feel grateful to Mr. Huxley for his sincerity. In his book men remain men and the perfectly fiendish Mary Amberley remains a woman. On her death-bed, a broken-down old hag and a dope fiend, Mary Amberley has still a conscience and knows what it is to feel remorse. It is the story of Mark Staithes, the worshiper of achievement for the sake of achievement. A sort of lesser Lawrence of Arabia, seeking in a sort of glorified lay-asceticism the liberation which his soul yearns after. It is the story of Mrs. Foxe, the intense, pseudo-mystical egotist, and of John Beavis the philologist, the eternal classifier of words, feeding on Greek roots as the old hermits used to feed on the roots of plants amid the silence and in the aridities of dusty Syrian deserts.

The list of cages is not yet complete. You have Joyce Amberley caged in the cushioned cot of her comfortable smugness. Goggler Ledwige locked in with the mummies of his anthropological museum. Jane Thursley bottled up in a flask of the purest, daintiest sentimentalism. Gerry Watchet riveted to his own mean self by the most brutal selfishness. Mr. Thursley the parson, seeking liberation in liberating others while he enslaves his own household with the ponderous weight of his pugnacious egotism. Finally in the largest and airiest of all cages we find Anthony Beavis. His is the lion's cage: the spacious royal cage of intellectualism. Is Anthony Beavis to be taken for a mere pseudonym for Aldous Huxley?

Anthony Beavis is the eternal "looker on," the

shirker. From the comfortable well-cushioned arm-chair of his "theoretic reason" he contemplates the battles of life without perspiring. He criticizes, analyzes and smiles at other men's doings. Not, however, without a secret envy of their efficiency. Not altogether without a secret, hopeless dismay at his own ineffective unreality.

But Anthony Beavis has two redeeming qualities. He is not self-satisfied. He has the *inquietudo cordis*, the restless heart. He secretly loathes his own niggardly selfishness. And he is inwardly honest. If he is a coward, he knows it. If he is mean and disloyal, he knows it. If he is ultimately ignorant, he knows it. If he is dissatisfied with himself, he owns up to it. In his own subtle, deep, muddle-headed but plastic and poetic way (in fact in his own most English way) he thinks out his problems for himself starting by acknowledging that they are problems. His is no teachers-college dogmatism. He has that nice touch of scepticism which leads him to test and re-test his own convictions. Little by little he works his way up from a perfectly nauseating ego-centrism to a more or less hazy concept of love, goodness and sacrifice. The book ends with a canticle that honors and exalts an unselfish love.

There Anthony stops, somewhere towards the middle of Plato's symposium, wistfully contemplating abstract goodness. But as we close the last page of the book we see him hoisting himself down from his tower of ivory, rolling up his sleeves and preparing to love and serve his fellow men with something more than mere criticisms. Yes, and all that, even at the risk of having his eyes blacked by some well-meaning but nevertheless brick-headed British anti-pacifist.

There is then in this book a growth and an optimism. Mr. Huxley leaves off being a cynic to become a glorified Rotarian. It would be mean to smile and not recognize the splendid idealism of his last purpose. Cynicism has given place to love. And if we still miss the first commandment of the Law, we find a wholehearted endorsement of the second: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; and a groping, groping, groping after the first: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul."

Huxley's technique for the distribution of his matter is new and interesting. He hops from one date to another, from today to thirty years ago, then to twenty-nine years from now, back again to today and again to fifteen, thirty or twenty-six years from the present, with the easy unconcern of a canary hopping from one perch to the next. One feels rather giddy at first with all this jerkiness, but one gets used to it. And the method is effective. After all that is how one does get to know people. One meets a person today. And then one gets to know a little of his past life. And then one meets him again and one more piece of the back curtain is torn down until little by little one begins to have a clear and obstructed vision of the whole human stage.

The book is rich, nay opulent, with brilliant and sometimes lovely description. The picture of An-

thony and Brian playing on the roof in the darkness and suddenly becoming aware of God's night and God's love, is unforgettable. There are other excellent scenes, such as the train rolling through the London suburbs, which Huxley calls mile-long eczemas of vulgarity; Paddington Railway Station, the metropolitan cathedral of sooty glass; the huge columns of the portico and the dim coolness of the British Museum; the world transfigured with God's goodness while two lovers meet in the silent solitude of the fields; a village on the Pacific coast of Mexico, amidst the chaos of tumbling mountains and an infinite expanse of hot and dusty negation; in the wilds of a Mexican sierra the amputation of a gangrened leg, with the broad flaps of skin turned down like the peel of a huge banana but from a red and bleeding fruit.

Only three literary criticisms, those of Proust, Lawrence and Santayana, are to be found in the book. They are each, in their own way, masterly. Proust is described squatting in the tepid bath of his remembered past; Lawrence is called the greatest of personality smashers; and he speaks of Santayana and his carefully rolled little pebbles of wisdom.

Everywhere in these pages of Huxley, through the mouldy crust of materialism the tender young shoots of spiritualism are seen furtively peeping. Poor Mr. John Beavis, the candid positivist and disbeliever in immortality, repeats broken-hearted again and again and in spite of himself at the death of his wife:

stay for me there; I shall not fail
to meet thee in the hollow vale.

We see the soul of a school boy opening up to the gentle breeze of God's caressing presence. A hard, ruthless woman confesses her guilt and gives testimony to the voice of a conscience which she cannot strangle. As for the worldlings so admirably and ruthlessly vivisectioned by Huxley as they wallow in the quagmire of sensual enjoyments, they show themselves eternally enslaved and eternally unhappy. And so the old, old problem is once more formulated in terms of 1936: *Inquietum est cor nostrum, Domine, donec requiescat in Te*, "our heart is restless, Lord, until it finds its repose in Thee."

Huxley's book is ultimately a psychological catalog and its content is a wonderful collection of fancy forms of futile freedom. Freedom is synonymous of strength. Only the strong can be free. But men, even the strongest of them, are not strong. Mr. Huxley has rediscovered this tremendous truism, so forgotten and so ignored by so many educators, infected with Rousseau's absurd optimism. But Mr. Huxley's discovery is only a partial one. Freedom will not and cannot be realized in terms of human weakness but only of divine strength. Three thousand years ago a shepherd lad in Palestine sang: "I love Thee, my God, my strength, my rock, my castle and my freedom." And Paul Claudel, paraphrasing St. Paul, has written: "each man needs in himself someone who shall be more himself than himself." *Quelqu'un qui soit on moi plus moi-même que moi.*

BOOKS

CINDERELLA IN CALIFORNIA

THE AMERICAN FLAGGS. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Published August 21. \$2

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Kathleen Norris brought out her first novel, *Mother*. Since that time book after book has poured from her prolific pen. On the fly-leaf of the present volume fifty-five titles are listed. Such a large output almost necessarily precluded the production of literature of high perfection. But Mrs. Norris' work has won a definite place among American book-lovers. She might be called the novelist of everyday home life. During all these years she has been willing to sacrifice a place among the immortals which might have been hers to bring home to the people of her own generation the truth that the truly finest and best things in life are not the extraordinary, the bizarre, the strange, or far-off, but rather the common, simple, daily joys of pure love, motherhood, family ties, suffering, and sacrifice. More and more she is singing out of tune with the rest of the chorus which hymns free love, divorce, birth control, broken vows, and sullied bodies, when she writes in praise of truth and fidelity and child-bearing and the sanctity of marriage. She is an American writing for Americans, ever trying to teach them that the foundations of our country and its continuance are not laid in self-indulgence and luxurious soft living but in self-restraint, self-sacrifice, hard work, honesty, nobility of purpose and courageous achievement. Hers is surely a truer picture of the American scene than is the work of those who create such a stir by depicting as ordinary Americans personalities fit only for the psychopathic hospital.

In *The American Flags* she takes up again the themes which have made her former books so popular. The story, which is set in today's California, centers about a girl and her struggle to gain a place of acceptance in the famous Flagg family. The latter represent the best in American social and cultural traditions. The girl on the other hand comes from a family who live an aimless Bohemian existence. She is transported by marriage from this life into the heart of the Flagg family, who treat her kindly but look upon her as an outsider. Her attempt to rise to the Flagg standard makes up the major portion of the narrative. Marital difficulties arise between the girl and her lovable but irresponsible and often drunk husband. The old triangle situation with a threatened divorce is introduced. The solution by the girl's refusal of it because it is not in the code of Flagg women seems rather weak. The book suffers from that same weakness of motivation.

The story runs along in a quiet, comfortable sort of way with nothing particularly exciting about it. Here and there tense situations arise which bring a tightening of the throat, but they are not frequent or gripping enough to make you want to read the book through from cover to cover at one sitting. For all that it is a good novel, moderately well-written. Much of Mrs. Norris' philosophy is given. In this novel it is so sound that it can be pondered with profit by the reader. Perhaps its best influence is gained from a personal answer to the question of the young wife: "After all, what more can a woman have but her children, and to be needed and to be always busy?" and a realization of Grandfather Flagg's sage observation: "Marriages are built, you know. They're built. There's no marriage that couldn't be a success and no marriage that couldn't be a failure. It depends on the women who are in them."

RICHARD L. ROONEY.

A PEOPLE IN CONFLICT

THE JEWS OF GERMANY. By Marvin Lowenthal. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3

THE author, Lowenthal, gives us a long perspective of sixteen centuries and more as a background against which we may view the present conflict between Judaism and Germany. Naturally enough, a book which tries to cover such a long period is likely to manage some periods better than others. That is true of this book. Its treatment of the Middle Ages is far inferior to its treatment of contemporary Germany. Then too it is not particularly happy in its handling of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic period.

Mr. Lowenthal inclines to the view that the Jewish problem is that of a distinctive religion in conflict with another distinctive religion—namely, Monotheism in conflict with the new, crude religion of German racialism. But I believe his own book negatives this solution and creates the suspicion that there is more of a race than a religious antagonism at work. How, in fact, could the Hitlerites have a religious antagonism? Hitler says that he is neither Protestant nor Catholic but German. As German he can be opposed to the Jew. Besides there is a Jewish problem, and it is hard to see how it is a religious problem. In fact, outside the Catholic Church there is little religion in the modern world. How can the Jew as a definite religionist come into religious conflict, with non-existent religions? Then too how many of the Jews have any religion? The Jews of the big cities in Germany are divided, as are the Jews all over the world, into the two classes: of keepers of the Law and worshippers of Mammon. It seems that the problem is a racial problem, but that most of the Jews hesitate to recognize it as such.

Mr. Lowenthal is rather ill-advised in his remarks on the Middle Ages. He contrasts their treatment of the Jews unfavorably with the post-Reformation treatment. But here too on his own showing the medieval Jews were more free. No totalitarian state tried by a state-enforced education to impose an ideology, whether Communist or Nazi, on the Jew. They lived in an international world where the world ideas of the Papacy and Empire ruled instead of the grotesque nationalism of modern Germany or the pitiable antics of the anti-God people of Russia. And the closer to Rome the Jews approached, the better they were treated. Mr. Lowenthal is singularly ill-advised in trying to make the harsh words of Innocent III about the Jews seem representative of the Popes. The plain fact is that his harsh words are altogether exceptional. It is as foolish as trying to make the Galileo case the touchstone of the Church's attitude to learning.

I believe that a somewhat anti-Semite book like Belloc's *The Jews* will do more good to the Jews than Mr. Lowenthal's book. Mr. Lowenthal is too much of an advocate. He never admits that the Jews in Germany gave any cause for the harsh treatment they are receiving. I have read books by Jesuits in which Jesuits are criticized, and books by Catholics in which Catholic churchmen, even popes, are criticized, and books by Americans in which great Americans like Theodore Roosevelt are criticized. It can hardly be sincerely maintained that when racial and other conflicts arise the right always shines brightly in favor of one party to the conflict. History, as a matter of fact, does not always point in that direction.

Why cannot the Jews admit that perhaps they made a mistake now and then?
ALFRED G. BRICKEL.

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEWS

IN THE SHADOW OF TOMORROW. By Jan Huizinga.
W. W. Norton & Co. Published August 24. \$2.50

IN his preface the author states categorically that he is an optimist. This he does to anticipate the charge of undue pessimism in his treatment of the modern scene. The reader who runs his eye rapidly over the table of contents will look forward to a disheartening diagnosis of a diseased society. He will feel that we have lost our way and, worse still, that we lack the will and the power to return to sanity. But a careful reading reveals the author's conviction that deep down in humanity there is soundness and vitality.

Professor Huizinga tells us: "We are living in a demented world. And we know it." No convulsion of the foundations of society in the past is comparable to the present crisis. Other revolutions strove to recover a lost heritage; we are racing blindly into the unknown. Physical nature lies shackled, but human nature runs wild. The primacy of the spiritual is repudiated. Culture, which calls for an equilibrium of values, is going fast. Science stands hesitant in the face of uncertainties and contradictions. Technology is arming the nations for destruction of life and property. There has been a weakening of judgment, a decline of the critical spirit, a disavowal of the intellectual principle. Passion clouds the understanding. Ethical standards are disowned. Marxian subordination of morals to class interests, Freudian philosophy of the flesh and its appetites, philosophical immorality, sentimental subjectivism, and a few more pathological aberrations lead the way "beyond a naive animalism to a Satanism that sets up evil as a beacon."

But if the suicidal deterioration of the individual is alarming, the menace of the Machiavellian state is terrifying. The amoral autonomy, the jungle ethics of the state that can do no wrong, of the state for which might is right, of the state which determines when, how, and whom to fight, are the greatest danger threatening Western civilization. And yet Professor Huizinga is an optimist who looks for a voluntary *katharsis* of the evil in man's soul, for a Christian *askesis* to strengthen his spiritual powers, for a new sense of values, for a return to Christ the Saviour.

The ideas of the author are familiar ones. The book belongs to that growing class of historico-philosophical literature which thoughtful men should read.

A PARSON IN REVOLT. By Joseph McCullough. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50

A PARSON rebelling against institutional religion may seem as much of an anomaly as a general in revolt against the army he represents. But since Protestantism began with revolt and since revolt became endemic in the various groups called Protestant, a parson is quite within his rights in revolting.

This book discusses a threadbare theme, the supposed chasm that exists between religions of authority and institutions and religions of personal experience. The parson who writes this book of essays seems unaware that some of the great mystics of the Catholic Church were sticklers for authority. St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Ignatius of Loyola, and St. Theresa will serve as examples. Another supposed antagonism that grieves our parson is that existing between mysticism and intellectualism. Here it is enough to mention the fact that the Catholic Church did not cast off the medieval mystics when they were succeeded by such rationalists as Peter Lombard, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus. The Church merely added the rationalist dialecticians to the mystics, as during a later age she added the Jesuits and new religious orders to the older orders of the early Church and the Middle Ages.

The trouble with our parson is that he lives within the framework of Anglicanism, which is too narrow to admit anybody but the Angles and Saxons, leaving lesser

breeds to shift for themselves. Then, too, he fails to realize that the institutionalism he complains of is merely a truncated survival of an inclusive system. He seems not to realize that bishops, deans, archdeacons, parishes, and dioceses are meaningless if not united under the headship of the Bishop of Rome. Here his complaint is just. The present division of the Anglican Church into parishes and dioceses is senseless in a religious system where the minister of the Gospel does not have to be on hand to administer the sacraments and where the whole ecclesiastical life has dwindled into a preaching service. There is no good reason at all why all Anglicans should not reside in London and take turns at broadcasting sermons over England.

However the book will be interesting to priests who wish to know what a frame of mind is generated by the attempt to live within an impossible system, a half-way house between the Catholic Church and what the Anglicans would call "extreme Protestants."

FROM THE SOUTH SEAS TO HITLER. By Ivy Carl. E. P. Dutton & Co. Published August 26. \$3

PROPAGANDA still battles truth on a world front. Against the Nazi form of it this book is a sharp and effective *sortie*. The young author, daughter of a former German spy now an expatriate, takes us backstage of Hitlerism into the homes, schools, and the everyday life of Germany, and shows the unhappiness of those who shout "Heil Hitler!" because they must.

The hopeless plight of the persecuted Jews, of ministers of religion handcuffed in their own pulpits, the arrogance of the new school-teachers, the daily terror of simple country people, are put before us by a non-political observer with no axe to grind. The speeches of Hitler are analyzed, till their false shrieking note of love for Germany comes out as blind hatred and overweening pride. His solemn promises to other nations, the author warns, are not to be trusted. The moral license assumed by his followers, their cruelty, and their animus toward Christian thought stand out.

The earlier part of the book is in a more idyllic strain. It concerns the author's childhood in the South Sea islands and her travels to Japan, South America, and through Germany itself.

ALL STAR CAST. By Naomi Royde Smith. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50

THE author of this novel has conceived a unique method of telling her story and pointing out its excellence in the telling of it. It is the first night of a new play by a distinguished playwright, and we are carried through the entire play, not without a little feeling of irritation at having the plot evaluated for us. The atmosphere of a first night, the anxious concentration of a young critic on his first big assignment, the blasé reaction of the older critics, atone for a shallow plot. Not great, not gripping, but mildly absorbing.

THE JOY OF SORROW. By David P. McAstocker, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$1.50

THIS is an attractive little book treating the old topic of human pain in a new way. Author and publisher have cooperated to produce a *vade mecum* for the sick room or for the time when dark days appear. It is no dry treatise on the beauty, nobility, and worth of suffering, but a series of chapters illustrated by the Gospel, real life, and incidents from literature. There is no semblance of the professorial chair or the pulpit; the pages pulsate with the faith, hope, and loving cheer on which the writer has relied during his many years of physical pain. The author has overcome physical handicaps for years that would impress a less hardy nature. Confined to hospital treatment during the last four years, he has given us four books during that time and this his most recent is filled with the same tone of courage and hope that has characterized the others, only this one gives the reason itself for the Christian's joy in suffering, and the rich reward he merits thereby. The publishers have produced a handsome book.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Austin Clarke. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50

WITH that wild, controlled hyperbole that is so provoking and yet so delightful in an authentic Gaelic poet playing with English, Austin Clarke can sing thus of *The Planter's Daughter*:

When night stirred at sea
And the fire brought a crowd in,
They say that her beauty
Was music in mouth
And few in the candlelight
Thought her too proud,
For the house of the planter
Is known by the trees.
Men that had seen her
Drank deep and were silent,
The women were speaking
Wherever she went—
As a bell that is rung
Or a wonder told shyly,
And O she was Sunday
In every week.

In his verse-structure Clarke experiments a great deal with assonance to take the place of rhyme, and though he is a splendid rhymers when he pleases, his success in the experiment is often striking. But as for the substance of the book, there is too much mooning in it to make it convincing, a nostalgia for the Ireland of pagan days combined with an inability to get away from the fact that it has been for centuries Christianized. And when the poet finds himself standing in the twilight between the two and not knowing which is darkness and which light, the result is most confusing and leaves a blurred mark on the poetry that is being sung.

SOMEWHERE TO THE SEA. By Kenneth Reddin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50

THIS is a novel dealing with the Black-and-Tan days of Dublin in 1920. A young lawyer leaves the quiet, dreamy life he loved to throw in his fortunes with the Sinn Feiners. The heroine, who belongs to the Dublin middle-class, crosses his path in the turmoil and does her share too on the side of Ireland. The story is built around these and four or five other characters, all from the same Dublin middle-class. The story moves quickly in the first part, which deals with the War, follows through the truce of 1921, and ends with the hero and heroine pledging their love. The first part, which depicts real people and real, normal situations, is from every consideration superior to the succeeding chapters, wherein we detect the influence of James Joyce, noticeably in the last chapter. Neither interest nor art nor dramatic power gain thereby.

With this reservation it is a good story that holds the interest. The situations painted of Dublin in 1920 are much more faithful than those portrayed in the film, *The Informer*. The Dublin pictured in this novel, though the scene of the blood and cruelty of the wild beasts unloosed by Lloyd George to terrify Irishmen, is a much different town from what we know from Joyce.

NO GOD NEXT DOOR. By Michael Kenny, S.J. William J. Herten Company. 25c.

PUBLISHED a year ago, this document of 200 pages has steadily risen in the number of sales and has won approbation from the leaders of the friends of Mexico in the United States and Europe. The second printing, revised, is now available. In a postscript, Father Kenney states: "It should be noted that persecution is even more deadly now than under the grinding rule of Calles." The eleven chapters build up a powerful argument against the Calles régime which has pushed forward the atheistic indoctrination of Mexicans as well as against the intervention practised by officials and individuals in the United States helping the Calles Government. There are pregnant facts in this booklet, skilfully presented appeals that should be heeded. It is intended as a book that should be in the hands of every American; therefore, it is issued at the lowest possible price with special offers for large quantities.

ARTS

A STROLL down 57th Street. Everything and everybody has that slightly tired and faded look which seems the inevitable concomitant of August in New York. Almost all the galleries are closed up tight, with little typewritten signs pasted on their doors advising callers that they will reopen September 1.

In one or two places, wilted secretaries presided over empty halls . . . at Knoedler's a number of young men who seemed to be employed there were actually to be seen in plain street clothes—not a cutaway in sight! After that shock, it seemed better not to try the sacred portals of Doveen's lest the door be opened by a butler in shirt sleeves.

One or two galleries, were, indeed, open and making half-hearted attempts at holding exhibitions. Frederick Keppel and Sons took some pride in showing me a set of seven large leather-covered cases containing illustration exhibits of the various processes of the graphic arts—lithography, line-engraving, etching, woodcut, mezzotint, aquatint, and dry-point. Each case is about three-feet wide by two-feet six-inches deep, and when opened presents two panels, one the top and the other the bottom of the case. To these panels are affixed bottles containing the various fluids used in each process, specimens of plates, proofs, and the tools peculiar to each art. Explanation cards make clear the various processes involved. These exhibits are much the same in scope as those held from time to time in our larger public libraries and museums. They seem always to be popular; people do like to see how things are done.

As far as is known, this is the first time such exhibits have been prepared in movable form. They are to go to the Worcester Museum, Massachusetts, and will be shown there as well as at various neighboring institutions. It has always seemed admirable to me that a wider public should inform itself as to the materials, processes, and techniques of the various forms of art; without such knowledge, it is next to impossible to form judgments; with it, a better audience is had.

Knoedler and Company has a pleasant and summery exhibition of English sporting pictures, both paintings and color prints. In the back gallery are a number of American prints, largely fowl by Benson and architecture by John Taylor Arms. Somehow one gets very, very tired of Mr. Benson's fowl and Mr. Arm's architecture. They are, of course, well done from the point of view of traditional draughtsmanship, but there is something very idle and desiccated about them. They do not wear well at all, and even compared to the crudities of popular English eighteenth and nineteenth century sporting prints, they lack interest. One has the feeling of looking at specimens of great skill and patience, but no life or vitality.

Ferargil contains, among other things, seven curiosities in the form of canvases by the late J. J. Shannon. Older people may perhaps get a pleasurable nostalgia for the days before the war by looking at these. Certainly Shannon received tremendous prices for them. But today they exist only as curiosities. Skillful painting is there in plenty, but painting without the flair of Boldoni or even of Sargent. The whole period seems even further removed from us than the Renaissance or even the Middle Ages. Its security, which turned out false, but nevertheless, was of tremendous psychological importance, its stability, its tempo are gone. And yet the reminiscence of it is strong enough to make it very hard for us to be sympathetic. To us, twenty-five years later, it seems hopelessly smug and artificial.

Not much, this, to report, but in another two weeks artists and dealers and museum officials will be returning from rustication and something more exciting will undoubtedly be in prospect.

HARRY L. BINSSE

FILMS

MY MAN GODFREY. We have all, I think, become familiar with the *Forgotten Man* as the most effective cudgel with which one politician can belabor another; it remained for this film to demonstrate the comic possibilities of our shopworn national bugaboo. It is rather a light-headed sort of social awareness which leads the mad Bullock sisters to take up the man Godfrey, who sits enthroned, like another Job, on a peak of refuse and impecuniousness in the city dump, and install him in their museum-like home. Godfrey's discovery wins for the sisters first prize in a Scavenger Hunt, a distinction which does not come often to a poor man, and he is thereafter the family butler. From that point on, he is in turn a veritable Crichton for the unpredictable Bullocks, the savior of the family fortune and the reluctant husband of an heiress. The film gambols along at a farcical gait but, behind the amusing situations, is the wraith of a sobering idea. As the tactful derelict, William Powell plays with suavity and a sure comic touch in shaping the erratic careers of Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Gail Patrick. Carole Lombard contributes a portrayal quite as finished as Powell's. A wholesome and intelligent comedy, pitched to the proper key of exuberance. (*Universal*)

SING, BABY, SING. There is a straight-faced foreword to this impolite comedy about an ageing screen Romeo which solemnly disclaims any intention of satirizing real persons, and thereby assures the constant movie-goer that the leading character really is Mr. So-and-so whose exploits lately brought about a tabloid holiday. Adolph Menjou impersonates that rare bird, a Shakespearean actor, who is pursued across country by a struggling radio singer and her wily press agent after he has expressed an alcoholic admiration for the young lady. A great deal of vaudeville humor is injected into the picture by Ted Healy, Patsy Kelly and the Ritz Brothers. For the rest, Alice Faye, Gregory Ratoff and Michael Whalen are more or less in evidence. The picture is for the more mature and, although there are some very funny moments, there is also a touch of vulgarity. The film belongs not the realm of art but to the cruder regions of slapstick. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

PICCADILLY JIM. The hilarious nonsense of P. G. Wodehouse comes to the screen undiluted in this expert adaptation of one of his most rollicking tales. We can expect to see more and more of his work filmed after such a stimulating sample and against those happy occasions this reviewer intends to hoard some of his choicer adjectives. Robert Montgomery caricatures the Pett family for the newspaper comic strips, unaware that the young lady with whom he is in love is one of them. His father, an indigent actor, is also trying to marry into the family, but the appearance of the satirical cartoons turns the Petts indignantly against them. Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, Billie Burke and Eric Blore share the excellent dialogue with Mr. Montgomery and the entire cast plays up to the tall standard of the writing. No one can fail to be amused by this one. (*M. G. M.*)

CHINA CLIPPER. Coming under the head of inspirational films is this exciting account of the first trans-oceanic flight of the *China Clipper* and the farsighted men who made it possible. Excellently cast with Pat O'Brien as the ex-army aviator with a vision and Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart as his associates, the whole interest of the picture is bound up with the progress of this particular branch of aviation. The fictional element is slight but will not be missed. There are many impressive photographic effects included. (*Warner*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS.

EVENTS

INNER calm was scarcer among Americans today than four years ago, a foreign visitor declared. Outer calm was evanescent, too, he thought. When inner and outer calm go, trouble will follow, commentators said.... Rascality punctuated the week.... Increasing burglaries of saxophones worried police. A saxophone shortage was feared.... Thieves attempted to steal third base in the Toledo ball park; were put out by the night watchman.... Arrested in his Sunday clothes, a traffic violator pleaded jail would wrinkle his good pants, had sentence deferred.... Unable to reach court in time, a Kentucky defendant telephoned, heard the judge's voice boom "\$20 fine" as plainly as though he were in court.... Good spade work exposed the grafting Mayor of Nuzi. He, with ten Nuzi ward leaders, buried 3500 years, were dug up; their racketeering uncovered. Sympathy was felt for Mayor Kushshiharbe's modern descendants, disgraced through no fault of their own.... Potatoes were classified as fruit in Sydney.... A letter addressed to "Cowboy, U.S.A.," wafted in from England.... Advertising pulls. While setting up an ad for a lost pup for his paper, the typesetter saw the pup under his keyboard.... The clamor for duck-proof windshields was becoming raucous. Ducks flew through the glass, perturbed autoists.... The first G-Woman appeared in the East, while the fight for noiseless garbage removal expanded. Philadelphia rubber-wheeled its refuse vehicles, installed noiseless spare tires.... A New Jersey gas meter seemed haunted. Voices came from it, filled the cellar. It was catching a radio program.... A home for superannuated bull fighters was started in Spain.... His pants struck by lightning, a man lost his driver's license, his money, his pants. He was in another pair at the time....

Things Hard to Understand: The New York Times admitting Russian propaganda photographs to its pages.... The New York Post over a picture of Spanish Communist nun-butchers printing the headline: "Defenders of Democracy."... Justice Tulin, daughter of Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, placing three children of a Catholic mother and a Mohammedan father in a Protestant home, giving the father permission to take the two youngest children, aged nine and five, to the Mohammedan church.... That no word comes from Hollywood announcing the dismissal of Mary Astor.... How both political parties can claim the next Congress....

Catholics are wondering why so many American newspapers are favoring the Spanish Communists.... Perhaps the following may be at least a partial explanation.... A foreign correspondent of the New York Times writes: "Commander Ristori (naval aide to Premier José Giral) and his associates are all members of the Grand Orient, to which all Spanish Freemasons belong. Commander Ristori said: '... almost without exception only those army and navy officers who are Masons now are defending Madrid.'"... Or perhaps it may be that anything anti-clerical possesses an allure for many American newspapers.... Martin Carmody, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, calls attention to an important point.... That the Mexican Government is pretending it has ceased anti-Catholic persecution whereas it has not.... Is this for the benefit of the American people? And why is it being staged just at this time?... An American woman broke through Chancellor Hitler's bodyguard and kissed him.... The next day Hitler had a new bodyguard.... Mexico shipped ammunition to Spain's Reds.... Mexican bullets will soon be crashing into priests and nuns there.... Church-burning Spanish Communists, faced with death, called for priests; received the Sacraments.... Priests looked better than Marx at the hour of death....

THE PARADER